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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1, 1831.

ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MR ELLISTON. MR HUSKISSON. MODERN SCHOOLS OF POETRY.

THE number of the *Englishman's Magazine* published this day presents the most remarkable variety of contributors that we remember to have seen in any one monthly section of a periodical. In casting the eye over the table of contents, it does not appear that any two articles are from the same hand; nor, upon perusal, is it certain that the case is otherwise, with the exception of a couple of *bantero*-panegyrical ones upon Elliston, from the quaint and searching pen of Elia, upon the acquisition of whose humours the Editor justly prides himself. Among the others which we can speak to, are a sensible exposure of the *Quarterly Review* absurdities about the 'Bill;'—a good measurement of the moral and intellectual stature of the late Mr Huskisson, who appears to us to have been one of the princes of common-place, and whose portrait, prefixed to his memoirs (if it be like him) argues a vulgarity in grain;—a lively piece of domestic painting, entitled *Four Old Maids*, by the author of 'Atherton,' which is, 'full, true, and particular,' and to our feelings, touching;—a singular account, by the author of 'Tales of the O'Hara Family,' of a *Double* of the present Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, very curious, and exhibiting a case, for the moral physician, of imaginative vanity; *Old Adventures*, by Mr Knowles, about a fair unknown, written as if he had got her slipper before him;—an interesting biography of a patriot of disputed character, *Sir John Eliot*; a sonnet by *Alfred Tennyson*, not one of his best, but which will be eagerly turned to, for the sake of his name, by those who know a genuine poet; and finally, an article on his late volume of poems, preceded by remarks 'On some of the Characteristics of Modern Poetry.' We shall notice these presently; as also a notice of our counter-notice of our charming Scotch lassie, Miss Inverarity, whose road towards the Golden Mountains our 'lance' verily hath kept clear. Meantime, we extract the remainder of one of Elia's articles upon Elliston, of which we gave a passage or two on Saturday:

'My acquaintance with the pleasant creature, whose loss we all deplore, was but slight.* The anecdotes which I have to tell of him are trivial, save inasmuch as they may elucidate character.—To descant upon his merits as a comedian would be superfluous. With his blended private and professional habits alone I have to do; that harmonious fusion of the manners of the player into those of every-day life, which brought the stage-boards into streets and dining-parlours, and kept up the play when the play was ended. "I like Wrench," a friend was saying to him one day, "because he is the same natural, easy creature *on* the stage, that he is *off*."—"My case exactly," retorted Elliston—with a charming forgetfulness, that the converse of a proposition does not always lead to the same conclusion—"I am the same person *off* the stage than I am *on*." The inference, at first sight, seems identical; but examine it a little, and it confesses only, that the one performer was never, and the other always, *acting*.'

'And in truth this was the charm of Elliston's private deportment. You had a spirited performance always going on before your eyes, with nothing to pay. As, where a monarch takes up his casual abode for a night, the poorest hovel which he honours by his sleeping in it, becomes *ipso facto* for that time a palace; so wherever Elliston walked, sate, or stood still, there was the theatre. He carried about with him his pit, box, and galleries, and set up his portable playhouse at corners of streets, and in the market-places. Upon flintiest pavements he trod the boards still; and if his theme chanced to be passionate, the green baize carpet of tragedy spontaneously rose beneath his feet. Now this was hearty, and shewed a love for his art. So Apelles *always* painted—in thought. So G. D. *always* poetises. I hate a lukewarm artist. I have known actors—and some of them of Elliston's own stamp—who shall have agreeably been amusing you in the part of a rake or a coxcomb, through the two or three hours of their dramatic existence; but no sooner does the curtain fall with its leaden clatter, but a spirit of lead seems to seize on all their faculties. They emerge sour, morose persons, intolerable to families, servants, &c. Another shall have been expanding your heart with generous deeds and sentiments, till it even beats with yearnings of universal sympathy; you absolutely long to go home, and do some good action. The play seems tedious, till you can get fairly out of the house, and realise your laudable intentions. At length the final bell rings, and this cordial representative of all that is amiable in human breasts steps forth—a miser. Elliston was more of a piece. Did he *play* Ranger? and did Ranger fill the general bosom of the town with satisfaction? why should he not *be* Ranger, and diffuse the same cordial satisfaction among his private circles? with *his* temperament, *his* animal spirits, *his* good nature, *his* follies perchance, could he do better than identify himself with his impersonation? Are we to like a pleasant rake, or coxcomb, on the stage, and give ourselves airs of aversion for the identical character presented to us in actual life? or what would the performer have gained by divesting himself of the impersonation? Could the man Elliston have been essentially different from his part, even if he had avoided to reflect to us studiously, in private circles, the airy briskness, the forwardness, and 'scape-grace trickeries of his prototype?

'"But there is something not natural in this everlasting *acting*; we want the real man."

'Are you quite sure that it is not the man himself, whom you cannot, or will not see, under some adventitious trappings, which, nevertheless, sit not at all inconsistently upon him? What if it is the nature of some men to be highly artificial? The fault is least reprehensible in *players*. Cibber was his own Foppington, with almost as much wit as Vanburgh could add to it.

'"My conceit of his Person" (it is Ben Jonson speaking of Lord Bacon) "was never increased towards him by his *place* or *honours*. But I have, and do reverence him for the *Greatness*, that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever one of the *greatest* men, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed, that heaven would give him strength; for *Greatness* he could not want."—

'The quality here commended was scarcely less conspicuous in the subject of these idle reminiscences, than in my Lord Verulam. Those who have imagined that an unexpected elevation to the direction of a great London Theatre, affected the consequence of Elliston, or at all changed his nature, knew not the essential *greatness* of the man, whom they disparage. It was my fortune to encounter him near St Dunstan's Church (which, with its punctual giants, is now no more than dust, and a shadow) on the morning of his election to that high office. Grasping my hand with a look of significance, he only uttered,—"Have you heard the news?"—then with another look following up the blow, he subjoined, "I am the future Manager of Drury Lane Theatre."—Breathless as he saw me, he staid not for congratulation or reply, but mutely stalked away, leaving me to chew upon his new-blown dignities at leisure. In fact nothing could be said to it. Expressive silence alone could muse his praise. This was in his *great* style.

'But was he less *great*, (be witness, O ye powers of Equanimity, that supported in the ruins of Carthage the consular exile, and more recently transmuted for a more illustrious exile, the barren constableship of Elba into an image of Imperial France), when in melancholy after-years, again, much near the same spot, I met him, when that sceptre had been wrested from his hand, and his dominion was curtailed to the petty managership, and part proprietorship, of the small Olympic, *his Elba?* He still played nightly upon the boards of Drury, but in parts alas! allotted to him, not magnificently distributed by him. Waiving his great loss as nothing, and magnificently sinking the sense of fallen *material* grandeur in the more liberal resentment of depreciations done to his more lofty *intellectual* pretensions, "Have you heard"

'* My first introduction to E., which afterwards ripened into an acquaintance a little on this side of intimacy, was over a counter of the Leamington Spa Library, then newly entered upon by a branch of his family. E., whom nothing misbecame—to auspicate, I suppose, the filial concern, and set it a going with a lustre—was serving in person two damsels fair, who had come into the shop ostensibly to inquire for some new publication, but in reality to have a sight of the illustrious shopman, hoping some conference. With what an air did he reach down the volume, dispassionately giving his opinion upon the worth of the work in question, and launching out into a dissertation on its comparative merits with those of certain publications of a similar stamp, its rivals! his enchanted customers fairly hanging upon his lips, subdued to their authoritative sentence. So have I seen a gentleman in comedy *acting* the shopman. So Lovelace sold his gloves in King Street. I admired the histrionic art, by which he contrived to carry clean away every notion of disgrace from the occupation he had so generously submitted to; and from that hour I judged him, with no after repentance, to be a person with whom it would be a felicity to be more acquainted.'

(his customary exordium) " have you heard," said he, " how they treat me? they put me in *comedy*." Thought I—but his finger on his lips forbade any verbal interruption—" Where could they have put you better?" Then after a pause—" Where I formerly played Romeo, I now play Mercutio;"—and so again he stalked away, neither staying, nor caring for, responses.

'O, it was a rich scene,—but Sir Antony Carlisle, the best of story tellers, and surgeons, who mends a lame narrative almost as well as he sets a fracture, alone could do justice to it—that I was witness to, in the tarnished room (that had once been green) of that same little Olympic. There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he substituted a throne. That Olympic Hill was his "highest heaven;" himself " Jove in his chair." There he sat in state, while before him, on complaint of Prompter, was brought for judgment—how shall I describe her?—one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of chorusses—a probationer for the town, in either of its senses— the pertest little drab—a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamps' smoke—who, it seems, on some disapprobation expressed by a "highly respectable" audience, had precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and withdrawn her small talents in disgust.'

'" And how dare you," said her Manager—assuming a censorial severity which would have crushed the confidence of a Vestris, and disarmed that beautiful Rebel herself of her professional caprices—I verily believe, he thought *her* standing before him—" how dare you, Madam, withdraw yourself without a notice from your theatrical duties?"—" I was hissed, Sir."—" And you have the presumption to decide upon the taste of the town?"—" I don't know that, Sir, but I will never stand to be hissed," was the subjoinder of young Confidence—when gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation—in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less forward than she who stood before him—his words were these—" They have hissed *me*."

'*'Twas* the identical argument *à fortiori*, which the son of Peleus uses to Lycaon trembling under his lance, to persuade him to take his destiny with a good grace. " I too am mortal."—And it is to be believed that in both cases the rhetoric missed of its application, for want of a proper understanding with the faculties of the respective recipients.'

Nothing can be better said; but we are not so sure that the poor little devil was in the wrong at not chusing to be hissed. She had some regard left, at all events, for people's good opinion; and had a right to exercise her own notions about it. We never hear the word 'drab' mentioned in connexion with those who are in the rear of the town, and do not like to be in the '*abject* rear,' but we think of the application of this word in some of Swift's letters:—'I was in a company,' says he, 'the other night where there was that drab Margarita' (the Catalani of her day). 'I was visiting last night, where I met Lady L., the Countess of W., and *other drabs*.'

The following passage from the article on Mr Huskisson will go nigh to explain the mystery of his portrait. We know nothing of Canning's 'heart and soul,' nor can we conceive how it was possible for a mere financier to make a speech of the 'very first rate;' neither do we see that Mr Canning's letter implies any such friendship as should have hindered his associate's acceptance of office under an antagonist after his death:—the writer of the notice indeed gives up that point:—but the rest is made out incontrovertibly:—

'I now come to what I conceive to be the blot—the " drachm of base," in Mr Huskisson's public character—I mean his *cringing* for office under the Duke of Wellington. Mr Canning was in heart and soul his warmest political and private friend; of which a more lively testimony need not be cited than the short notice addressed by him to Mrs Huskisson, before going to bed the night of the debate on the silk trade.

'" F. O., 24th February 1826, 2 A. M.

'" My dear Mrs Huskisson:

'" Having written to the King, I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty to go to bed without writing to you, to congratulate you on Huskisson's exhibition of to-night. I do assure you, without the smallest compliment or exaggeration, that he has made one of the very best speeches that I ever heard in the House of Commons: a speech decisive for ever of his character and reputation, both as a statesman and an orator. It was of the *very first rate*—and as such I wish you joy of it with all my heart.

Most sincerely yours,

'" GEORGE CANNING."

'On the formation of Lord Goderich's ricketty administration, Mr Huskisson declared that " no power on earth should induce him to unite himself in office with the destroyers of his friend Canning," —and again, when asked to retain office under the Duke, he declared to his late Majesty that " the wounds were too green and fresh for him to think of his uniting himself in office with those who had deserted the service of the country, in order to thwart his friend Canning's administration." I will not say, that under no circumstances should he, after such emphatic declarations, have " united himself in office with the destroyers of his friend,"—that admits of discussion—I only know, that no circumstance should induce me in a like predicament;—but this I will say, that he should not have accepted the seals of the colonies *but on his own terms*, and upon an explicit *guarantee*, that his own and the Canning policy should be strictly adhered to by the Duke's government. Did he make his own terms? did he obtain this guarantee? He at least insinuated as much on the hustings at Liverpool, only as it seems, to receive the most insulting and arrogant denial from his commander, that ever the Duke of Wellington offered to his obedient subalterns. Now admitting that Mr Huskisson did not state at Liverpool that he had received a guarantee from the Duke, that his political principles should be those acted upon by his new colleagues,—and I know he did state as much—how could he allow himself to be thus treated, with marked scorn, by an administration of which he was himself by far the most efficient member? either he had, or he had not received a guarantee: if he had, why not indignantly throw up office, after the insulting denial of the Duke of Wellington: if he had not, how could he presume to justify, for a moment, " uniting himself in office with those who had deserted the public service," out of hatred and jealousy of the master-genius of his friend Canning. There is no escaping out of this dilemma, without loss of honour, mouth it and twist it as we may. The truth is, as I before remarked, there was at all times a " screw loose " in Huskisson's political and moral inflexibility. He was naturally inclined to the good and the upright, but a sycophantic hankering after intimacy with the great Corinthian capitals of the " order," and an insatiable craving after office, prevented his being able to resist any very tempting opportunity of gratifying both passions. Before the Duke of Wellington in particular, his moral genius ever seemed to waver; as if the military laurels of that great captain, but most impotent and self-willed minister, stifled in his mind the consciousness that his own services to the state were not of at least equal weight in the national balance. The whole of the correspondence, on his ignominous expulsion from office by the Duke, is humiliating; its cringing, spaniel tone, increases as the arrogance of the Premier becomes more and more insulting.'

Mr Huskisson is one of those of whom posterity will know nothing except in very detailed histories; and in them he will only be one of a multitude making no impression. In order to have turned his talents to their greatest account, he should have been an American republican, and worked with Jefferson.

The writer of the *Remarks on the Characteristics of Modern Poetry*, &c. has been pleased to consider the Editor of the *Tatler* as the leader, *non passibus æquis*, of a school which produced Mr Shelley and Mr Keats. So many absurdities have been written of late years about 'schools,' particularly the supposed one in question, that we thought there had been enough of them, and did not expect an addition to the stock from so clever a man. At all events it is neither pleasant nor profitable to be put in juxta-position with eminent men, in whose department one does not claim to be found, and then dismissed as not belonging to it. Our critic writes extremely well upon certain kinds of poetry in the abstract, but he does not characterise the poets themselves so well; and of others his guesses are not happy. He says we were diverted from our poetical aims 'by a thousand personal predilections and political habits of thought.' What is meant by the 'thousand personal predilections' we cannot say:—'political habits of thought' we had none. Our sympathies with humanity were always pretty strong: they had had a remarkable education; but their political direction was an accident, and our 'habits of thought' were anything but in that track. The sympathies we speak of, whether grave or gay, are the secret of all that we have ever been able to do (if we have done anything), either in verse or prose. They followed us into the woods. *Delectant domi, peregrinantur, rusticantur*. We are nothing if not *social*. In temperament as well as origin we are somewhat of a foreign and southern species, and perhaps have been as little understood in our way, as our admirable friends in their's. Our pretensions, such as they are, are of a mixed nature, and made up of anomalies: but we never aimed to set up a school of any kind, and must beg leave to disclaim having done so; unless the inculcation of a love of all good things in prose and poetry, no matter from what classes or even parties they come, may be called setting up a school. We had the honour, it is true, of introducing to the notice of the world the two fine geniuses our critic speaks of, and we need not say what an affection and admiration we entertained for them. But that was all. There was scarcely anything in common with any one of us but our affections, our zeal for mankind, and our love of the old poets. Mr Shelley was a Platonic philosopher, of the acutest and the loftiest kind, poetizing. He came out of the schools (if the word must be used) of Plato and Æschylus. Mr Keats was a poet of the schools of Spenser and Milton;—places indeed which the third person in question recommended and delighted in, but not in which he had treasured a

hopeless attempt of success. That person (if he may be allowed in self-defence, to characterize himself at all, as a writer of verse) came out of the lower forms of the narrative schools of poetry, of which perhaps he might be called a runaway disciple, sentimentalized. He luckily thinks there are more schools than one,—more mansions in his father's house than the divinest,—or he should have been hopeless of being able to move a tear with a verse; which is the highest poetical triumph he can boast of. Generally speaking, he is something between poetry and prose, a compound of the love of wit and of nature; and if he should be fortunate enough to escape the chances of oblivion to another generation, it will be upon the strength of that anomaly, and of his passionate desire to see a greater enjoyment of the good things before them diffused among mankind.

This critic's observations on the poetry of Mr Alfred Tennyson are more to the purpose than his specimens. He had better have repeated those that we gave the other day. He appears to have selected some of the least perfect and effective in the book, almost as if because others had omitted them; and his *dictum* on the burthen of 'Oriana,' is reconcileable neither to the harmonies of the greater schools of poetry, nor the less; neither to common comfort of perusal, nor ultra-delicacy of ear, nor to the supposition even of a lyrical accompaniment, the last refuge for the endeavours of the reader's good will.

The paragraph respecting Miss Inverarity, is noticed in our theatrical. ☞

AFFECTING STORY.

In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, a woman of the name of La Voisin, who made a trade of selling poisons and many fantastic nostrums, was tried, tortured, and burnt alive before a slow fire. Upon examination she accused many persons of both sexes, and of the first rank, of having applied to her for poison. The majority were generally believed to be innocent; but many weak women, deceived by this heartless being, had used drugs with which she had supplied them, for various purposes. One note, was produced, written to her, by a lady of rank, complaining that the lotion sent her had not yet made any visible improvement in her shape. Among the many innocent persons who were imprisoned, on the accusation of this unprincipled woman, was a lady named Madame de Dreux. Her liberation, as related by Madame de Sevigné, is yet more melancholy than the fact of her commitment to prison:—

'Madame de Dreux was liberated from prison yesterday. This poor lady has been confined a whole year in a room, where light was admitted only through a small hole at the top, and where she was deprived of every comfort. Her mother, a still young and very pleasing woman, who doated on her daughter, and who was equally beloved by her, died of grief, about two months ago. Madame de Dreux was ignorant of this event, and when her husband and all the family went yesterday, to remove her from the place in which she had been so long confined, the first words she uttered were—"Where is my mother? Why is she not here?" M. de Dreux told her she was at home, waiting for her. She could not enjoy her recovered freedom, but continued to inquire after her mother, saying she must surely be ill, or she would have come to embrace her after so long a separation. At length she reached home.—"What! my mother not here! I cannot see her, I cannot hear her!" She flew up stairs. No one knew what to say to her. All were in tears. She ran to her mother's apartment, looked about her, called but received no answer. At length her confessor told her that she must not hope to see her mother again, until they met in heaven; and exhorted her to submit with resignation to the divine will. She remained senseless for some time after she had heard the news of her mother's death, and when she recovered, she burst into tears and lamentations which pierced the hearts of all present, crying that it was she who had killed her mother, and that she had rather have died in prison, than have been set at liberty to learn her mother's loss.'—*Madame de Sevigné.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Rich Fools.—It is but fair, that he who has no ideas, should have something in their stead.—*Hazlitt.*

Good Teacher of Duty.—He made me look upon it as a duty, that I too, in my own department, should be true, spirited, and enlivening.—*Wilhelm Meister.*

Candid Injustice.—One of those who voted for the banishment of Aristides, gave as his reason the great reputation for integrity he saw him enjoy. A citizen of Athens, who gave his vote that Aristides should be banished, being asked his reason by Aristides himself, answered very frankly, 'I have no knowledge of the man, but he displeases me by aspiring to the surname of Just.' Thousands think like this Athenian, but have not his candour: everything which excels displeases them; they have a more favourable regard for a common than a distinguished virtue.—Bayle.—[If the remark of the citizen in question has been correctly transmitted to us even he endeavoured to colour his hostility to Aristides with a show of reason. Aristides loved, and practised justice for its own sake; but the remark of the citizen insinuates, that he looked to the distinction which his conduct gained him,—that he *aspired* to a surname.]

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

King's Theatre.—La Sonnambula—Kenilworth.
Haymarket.—A Friend at Court—The School for Coquettes—The Romp.
English Opera.—The Old Regimentals—The Middle Temple—Old and Young—Comfortable Lodgings.

'In our last number,' says the *Englishman's Magazine*, 'we made some passing remarks on Miss Inverarity, which have been taken up by the *Tatler*, who has gallantly broken a lance in compliment to the lady; we readily admit that Miss Inverarity's cause could scarcely be consigned to better hands than those of the kind and able editor of that paper, but still we adhere to our opinion. We said we did not think the lady possessed of the requisites to make a *genuine prima donna*, by which we meant, not as the *Tatler* gratuitously supposes, the singer who *leads* at a theatre, but one whom a combination of talents, natural and acquired, place in the very first rank of the profession. If the assumption of the *Tatler* were true, we should also admit that Wallack, Warde, and Abbot, are genuine *tragedians*, because, in the absence of better actors, they have played the *principal business* in tragedy. That Miss Inverarity is, at this moment, the most pleasing singer on the English boards (Mrs Wood excepted), we are ready to allow, but this circumstance does not constitute her a *genuine prima donna*. For the rest, what we have said amounts to nothing more than a single opinion, and we would be the first to rejoice and confess our error, should Miss Inverarity become a first-rate dramatic singer.'

This is handsomely said, and like a gentleman; and we do take off our respectful and imaginary hats to him that says it: but still we have objections to make; and *all* our answer is not replied to. In the first place, we did not 'gratuitously' suppose that our brother-critic meant a mere leading singer at a theatre by the term '*genuine prima donna*.' We expressly observed, that '*if* by a genuine prima donna he meant that she could not lead another season or two, &c. or become what Miss Paton was in that respect,'—we differed with him; and we were the more particular in thus expressing ourselves, because we supposed, as we do now, that if by a genuine prima donna he did not intend a mere leader, he probably did intend such a leader as Miss Paton; because she is the only prima donna we have had for a long while on the English boards. Be this as it may, the *Englishman* has at all events advanced nothing in support of his doubt of Miss Inverarity's qualifications. He gives no reason for it:—he does not touch upon the borders of the question:—he avows, that what he has said is simply the expression of an individual's opinion; though, in pronouncing an unfavourable judgment, we think the reasons might as well have been given. The reasons, therefore, that we offered on the other side, retain whatever force they possessed; and on that account we have a better right to say, that we 'still adhere to *our* opinion.' As to mere leaders at the theatres, we are the last people in the world to assume, that they and the requisite talents have anything of necessity in common. Miss Inverarity has led at the theatre, not because she was an accident, like Wallack and others, and could lead without the requisites for leading (which is a much more easy thing in common-place tragedy than in singing) but because she was a charming debutante. She was neither an utterer of mere noisy syllables, nor a 'manufactured lion.' Our contemporary says nothing respecting his application of that 'extraordinary wild-fowl' of a phrase; but a correspondent has supplied the omission.

'In July last,' says a constant reader of the *Tatler* (who has favoured us with his name), 'Miss Inverarity arrived in London on her way to Italy. During her stay (not intended to have been protracted beyond a few days), she was introduced to Sir G. Smart by Mr Murray. The former gentleman, having put Miss Inverarity's voice and musical education to a pretty severe test, decidedly opposed all idea of her going to Italy for the present, and said that her voice was sufficiently matured to warrant her immediate appearance in London. From that time, till her engagement

at Covent Garden, she received lessons from Sir G. SMART, which were the only training she underwent to fit her for the somewhat hazardous part of a 'manufactured lion.'

Whether it was wise in Sir GEORGE SMART to act in the manner here mentioned by our correspondent, we cannot say. It was good for Covent Garden Theatre, at the moment, and the fair debutante has won 'golden opinions' from all quarters, besides of course other golden matters: but the blaze of vocal as well as personal beauty, in which she might have burst upon us two or three years hence, after ripening in the sun of Italy, is a tempting speculation for the fancy. For be it from us however to be ungrateful or discouraging to one who has charmed us so much. We are glad to observe, that Miss INVERARITY'S journey to Italy is still intended. We would have her oblige us a little longer,—give us another season or so, to charm the majority, and convince the misbelieving, and then go and perfect herself in that land of melody and good-humour. Meantime, we not only hold her to have been undervalued in the present instance; but applauded as she is in general, and popular, we look upon her as not applauded enough, at least not for all the musical qualities she evinces. And this brings us to a monstrous proposition of our brother-critic's; namely, that the young lady's cause could '*scarcely* be consigned to better hands' than the modest ones concerned in this present inditing.

Now as possessors of the modesty to which we thus seasonably lay claim, and propititiated moreover by certain epithets which our critic has been pleased to bestow upon us, we do, in some base sort, feel gratified by his qualified panegyric, and inclined (shamefully be it said) to be content with it; but inasmuch as we are editorial, and the ascendancy of editorship doth consist now-a-days in being extremely insolent and over-bearing, we utterly renounce, abhor, and thrust back this invidious adverb *scarcely*, and beg leave to know at what monster of musical criticism our carper's exception pointeth. Critics of crotchets and quavers, and other of the dry bones of the art musical, we meet with by hundreds; and to say nothing of what hath appeared from other hands in this paper, we do acknowledge, that in the pages of the *Atlas* newspaper, mentioned by our 'Englishmen,' in which we have occasionally dipped, we have discerned a faculty rightly constituted by nature, to relish the flavour of the art, though led, if we mistake not, to busy itself too much with the *instruments* thereof. But generally speaking, what we complain of in musical criticism, and have a right to consider as the common failure in it, is that same want which in this country seems to preclude a high attainment of vocal composition; to wit, a defective perception of the more etherial, pleasurable, and sentimental part of music, as distinguished from the body and composition of it; that is to say, of the end as distinguished from the means; and consequently of music itself, and the very soul of it. For the flower of every art consists in the transport with which it affects, not our knowledge, but our senses and primal sympathies; not in that which we can dissect, and in some measure learn to do ourselves, but which affects us with the most delicious and indefinite feelings when it is done; not in that, which many can do and a few admire, but which few can do and thousands are enchanted with. This is the flower, the aroma, the fine flavour, the intoxicating something in art, which people feel the most, and which critics always tell us the least about; and it is for her power of communicating something of this kind to her hearers, that we think more highly of the natural faculties of Miss INVERARITY than of those of any other English singer, and pique ourselves (for want of better critics) upon knowing how to enjoy them. Give us the critic who will talk most to us on this delicate and uppermost point in all pleasurable art, and who will unite with it the scientific knowledge common to our brethren, and we will hail him as our master, and shame our articles with quotations from his pen.

Meanwhile, thou candid yet at the same time grudging 'Englishman,' secrete thy monstrous and most inapplicable adverbs; and read, in the poems of one Crashaw, the composition entitled *Music's Duel*,—the best specimen of a critical apprehension in these matters, in the language. The great Mozart would have been glad to have had Crashaw for his poet laureate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to our friend at Drayton for his letter, and highly sensible of what he tells us respecting the succedaneum afforded by our theatrical criticisms.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

HOWARD PAYNE'S Opera of

CLARI.

Clari, Miss Taylor. Fidalma, Mrs Faucit. Vespina, Mrs Humby.
Ninetta, Mrs T. Hill. The Duke Vivaldi, Mr Brindal. Rolamo, Mr Cooper.
Claudio, Mr Huckel. Stephano, Mr Field. Jocoso, Mr Webster.
Nicolo, Mr W. Johnson. Nimpedo, Mr J. Cooper. Geronio, Mr Bishop.
Pietro, Mr V. Webster. Giulio, Mr Coates. Page, Master Reed.
Characters in the Episode.—Wife of Pelgrino, Mrs W. Clifford.
Leoda, Miss J. Scott. Nobleman, Mr Bartlett. Pelgrino, Mr Mulleney.

After which, Mrs GORE'S Comedy, in Five Acts, called

THE SCHOOL FOR COQUETTES.

Lady Hampton, Mrs Glover. Lady Honoria Howard, Miss Taylor.
Amelia, Miss Sidney. Miss Starchwell, Mrs Tayleure. Lisette, Mrs T. Hill.
Caroline Hampton, Miss J. Scott. General Lumley, Mr W. Farren.
Lord Marston, Mr Cooper. Lord Polter, Mr Brindal.
Colonel Donnelly, Mr Bartlett. Frederick Lumley, Mr Vining.
Howard, Mr H. Wallack. Fitz Albyn, Mr Coveney. Davison, Mr W. Johnson.
Ralph, Mr Webster. Latitat, Mr Bishop. Marron, Mr Newcombe.
The Epilogue by Miss Taylor.

To conclude with the Farce of

THE ROMP.

Priscilla Tomboy, Miss Sidney.
Penelope, Mrs T. Hill. Miss La Blond, Miss J. Scott.
Old Barnacle, Mr Gattie. Captain Sightly, Mr B. Taylor.
Watty Cockney, Mr Harley. Old Cockney, Mr Mulleney.

To-morrow, Madame du Barry; and The School for Coquettes.

ENGLISH OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

The Romantic Drama, called

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

St. Ursula, Miss Kelly. Nannetta, Miss H. Cawse.
Colonel Saxe, Mr Irwin. Captain Wiemar, Mr Baker.
Paulo, Mr J. Russell. Andrea, Mr O. Smith. Joseph, Mr Perkins.
Lieutenant, Mr East. Worgman, Mr Salter.

After which, Mr Collins, surnamed the English Paganini, will execute his extraordinary performances on the Violin.

To which will be added, the Operetta of

OLD AND YOUNG.

Peggy, Miss Pincott.
Old Wilton, Mr F. Matthews. Charles Mowbray, Mr Baker. Peter, Mr Salter.
William, Mr Heath. Matilda Mowbray, Master Hector Mowbray, Master Gobbleton Mowbray, Master Foppington Mowbray, Miss Poole, in which she will sing, 'The merry drummer,' and 'Meet me by moonlight.'

After which, Mr BERNARD'S New Operetta, called

THE OLD REGIMENTALS.

Eva, Miss H. Cawse.
Charles Amadeus, Mr Perkins. Chevalier Dandoli, Mr O. Smith.
Dr Abel Muzz, Mr J. Reeve. Rheindorf, Mr Baker. Ravine, Mr Irwin.
Larolle, Mr J. Cooper. Michael Braunbach, Mr Bartley.

To conclude with an Original Drama, called

THE HAUNTED HULK.

Suzette, Miss Pincott. Patty Maggs, Miss Ferguson.
Raker, Mr Salter. Caleb Calder, Mr O. Smith, Sam Sprouts, Mr J. Reeve.
Richard Oakum, Mr Perkins. Stephen Barncliffe, Mr T. Millar.
Old Barncliffe, Mr F. Matthews. Dragonface, Mr Addison.

To-morrow, The Sorceress; and other Entertainments.

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Romantic Drama, entitled

LE BELVEDER: OR, THE SICILIAN EXILE.

Emilia, Miss Scott. Floretta, Miss Vincent.
The Duca Belmonti, Mr Gough. Jeronymo, Mr Williams.
Loredan, Mr Osbaldiston. Merallo, Mr D. Pitt. Ludovic, Mr C. Hill
Carli and Sabastiano, Messrs Honner and Ransford.
Giulio, Mr Lee. Pirates, Messrs Tully, Fry, Franklin, Nichols, Fone, &c.

After which, the Entertainment, entitled

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

Lady Racket, by a Young Lady. Mrs Drugget, Madame Simon.
Dimity, Miss Nicol. Sir Charles Racket, Mr C. Hill. Drugget, Mr Williams

To which will be added, DIBDIN'S Musical Entertainment, called

THE WATERMAN.

Mrs Bundle, Madame Simon. Wilhelmina, Miss Vincent.
Tom Tug, Mr Edwin, in which he will sing 'Then farewell, my trim-built Wherry,' 'The jolly young Waterman,' and 'The Bay of Biscay.'
Bundle, Mr Gough. Robin, Mr Rogers.

To conclude with a Melo-Drama, in Three Acts, called

THE IDIOT WITNESS.

Dame Tugskull, Madame Simon. Janette, Miss Scott.
Sieur Arnaud, Mr D. Pitt. Robert Arnaud, Mr C. Hill.
Hans Gertshold, Mr Honner. Gilbert, Mr Elton. Paul Tugskull, Mr Williams.
Walter Arlington, Miss Vincent. Earl of Sussex, Mr Lee.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—And other Entertainments.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Spirit of the Moon—Old London Bridge and New London Bridge—El Hyder—Wallace, the Hero of Scotland.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Botany Bay—1st of August—Cross Purposes.

PAVILION THEATRE.—The Hall of Statues—The Weather-cock—Banks of Allan Water.

VAUXHALL.—A variety of Entertainments.

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